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THE
DEAN
AND THE
'SQUIRE:
An ECLOGUE.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

Mac-Gregor (M.) pseud.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE DEAN AND THE 'SQUIRE:

A POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

By the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, &c.

"REMEMBER that the principles, for which the WHIGS struggle, are the "FOUNDATION OF OUR PRESENT GOVERNMENT, which they apprehend to "be undermined, whenever TORY MAXIMS ARE OPENLY AVOWED."

Address to the Cocoa-Tree,
Written in the year 1763.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE

DEAN

AND THE

SQUIRE:

A POLITICAL EPILOGUE.

ADDRESSED TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

By the Author of the Heroic Epistle to WILLIAM CHAMBERS, &c.

A CARD.

THE Author preſents his beſt reſpects to the Reader, and begs that he would do him the favour to read the two firſt heads of Mr. Jenyns's ſeventh diſquiſition, before he cuts open this pamphlet, that he may perceive the full force of the alluſions here made to that wonderful performance.

DEDICATION.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

SIR,

WHEN I lately read your Disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, it gave me much concern to find, that you had not written it in verse. Such images and such sentiments, such wit and such arguments, were surely too good to be wasted on prose. And you who have written verse so long, and with so much facility, are highly inexcusable for not having employed that talent on so important an occasion as the present, when you had taken upon you to confute "so many absurd principles con-"cerning government and liberty, which have of *late* been disse-"minated with unusual industry," principles, let, me add, which were still more industriously disseminated at the Revolution by Locke, at the Accession by Hoadly, and a hundred years before either, by Hooker; "principles, which you say, are as false, as "mischievous, as inconsistent with common sense, as with all hu-"man society, and which require nothing more than to be fairly "stated, to be refuted."

The pious poet, Herbert, I think tells us, that

" A verſe may catch him, who a ſermon flies."

Why then ſhould you diſcard verſe, when you intended to catch ſuch careleſs readers, as would be apt to fly a ſermon? Why, by dividing your diſcourſe into five methodical heads, ſhould you make it appear as formal as the graveſt pulpit-lecture ever delivered by old biſhop Beveridge, or young Biſhop Bagot? I proteſt, Mr. Jenyns, I cannot account for this ſtrange proceeding.

However, that ſuch ſort of readers may read you, I have attempted to do that for your benefit and theirs, which you would not do for them, or for yourſelf: and, unequal as I am to the taſk, have dreſt up your two firſt, and, as I think, principal topics, in as eaſy and faſhionable metre as I was capable of writing. I know you would have done this much better. But, as my work is but a fragment, I am not without my hopes, that what I have done may be a ſpur to your indolence, and that you may be tempted not only to correct, but complete it.

But when I ſay that I have verſified you, I take a pride in boaſting, that I am not your mere verſifier. I take a pleaſure too in owning, that you yourſelf led me to attempt a nobler ſpecies of compoſition. I had read, ſome years ago, your very delectable Eclogue of the 'Squire and the Parſon, written on occaſion of that glorious peace, the honour of making which, is to be inſcribed one day (may it be a late one!) on the mauſoleum of the Earl of Bute. This, Sir, led me to think of giving my preſent performance a dramatic caſt, ſo far as an eclogue can poſſeſs

poſſeſs that title. On this idea, having reſolved to make you my TITYRUS, I had not far to ſeek for a MELIBÆUS. A brother writer, who has of late endeavoured to diſſeminate principles, ſimilar to ſome of yours, with unuſual, though abortive induſtry, immediately occurred to my imagination. And, as immediately I reſolved to read his more elaborate treatiſe, in order to enable me to execute my plan with greater exactitude, and better preſervation of ſentiment and character.

Although I muſt own, that this exercitation of my patience coſt me many a yawn, yet I found, to my great ſatisfaction, that this writer allowed for true, what you hold to be falſe, thoſe two firſt principles of Mr. Locke, that men are equal, and that men are free*. I concluded, therefore, that he was a very proper perſon to diſpute thoſe points with you. Accordingly, without farther ceremonial, I ſet you both down, not indeed ſub tegmine fagi, but, for the ſake of the *coſtumé*, in a ſnug town coffee-houſe, and there entered you fairly into debate.

If on your part, Sir, I have ever done more than elucidated any of thoſe aſſertions, which you call arguments, I humbly aſk your pardon: and on the Dean's, if *I have made him a little too lively and ſpiritual*, I as humbly aſk his. I know nothing does ſo much harm to an eccleſiaſtic, in the road of perferment, as the bare ſuſpicion of being witty. But, as the Divine in queſtion has long been a dean, and has ſworn that he will never be a biſhop, I hope no great harm is done.

That

* See *Tucker on Government*, ch. 1ſt.

That you may long remain on the illuſtrious Liſt of Penſioners, even after the uſeful Board, from which you derive that right, ſhall be no more; that, having changed from Tory to Whig in the miniſtry of the Duke of Newcaſtle, from Whig to Tory under thoſe, or rather *that* of Lords Bute and North, you may now again change from Tory to Whig under the New Adminiſtration; — and (ſince we have it on very eloquent evidence, that it is now the faſhion for perſons of the greateſt conſequence to be *no longer in ſhackles*) that you may ſoon ceaſe to be encumbered with your preſent ſlaviſh principles, is the ſincere and fervent wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt obſequious ſervant,

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightſbridge, May 1ſt, 1782.

THE

DEAN and the 'SQUIRE.

IN Coffee-houſe of good account,
Not far from Bond-ſtreet, call'd *The Mount*,
Soame Jenyns met the Dean of Glouceſter;
And, as they ſate in lounging poſture,
Each on his bench, and face to face,
The Dean began in tone of baſs:
While Jenyns, in his treble key,
Replied with much alacrity.
Repeat, my Muſe, th' alternate ſtrains,
That flow'd from theſe Arcadian ſwains,
Who both were equally alert
Or to deny, or to aſſert.*

DEAN.

'Squire Jenyns, ſince with like intent
We both have writ on Government,
And both ſtand ſtubborn as a rock
Againſt the principles of Locke,

* ——— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, & reſpondere parati. — VIRG.

Let us, like brother meeting brother,
Compare our notes with one another.
'Tis true, I've not had time to look,
Tho' much I wiſh'd it, in your book.

'SQUIRE.

Doctor, my book is quickly read.

DEAN.

I'd other crotchets in my head.*
But you, I gueſs, have ſtudied mine.

'SQUIRE.

No, to my ſhame, not ev'n a line.

DEAN.

That's ſomething ſtrange—yet fortunate;
For now on par we ſhall debate.

'SQUIRE.

True. Who to play at whiſt regards,
When he, that deals, has ſeen the cards?

DEAN.

Well put. Firſt then, 'tis fit, I deem,
You tell me how you treat your theme.

'SQUIRE.

I controvert thoſe five poſitions,
Which Whigs pretend are the conditions

Of

* The Dean had been employed in writing his *Cui Bono?* to Monſ. Neckar, which is ſaid, by perſons who have read it, to contain many curious crotchets.—*Cui Bono?*

Of civil rule and liberty;
That men are equal born — and free —
That kings derive their lawful ſway
All from the people's yea and nay —
That compact is the only ground,
On which a Prince his rights can found —
Laſtly, I ſcout that idle notion,
That government is put in motion,
And ſtopt again, like clock or chime,
Juſt as we want them to keep time.

DEAN.

'Sblood! do you controvert them all?

'SQUIRE.

Indeed I do, Sir, great and ſmall.

DEAN.

You're a bold man, my maſter Jenyns,
And have good right to count your winnings,
If you ſucceed. — But I, who dare
As much as moſt, to go ſo far
Had not the courage, I aſſure ye,
Tho' I ſuborned a tory jury.*

'Squire.

* Before the Dean publiſhed his elaborate treatiſe, he printed it firſt only for the peruſal of certain friends, who were either Tories from principle or diſcretion. It may therefore reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that (in Milton's phraſe) it *numbered* many *choice intellects* among our great churchmen. The mitred author of the Letter to the Cocoa-Tree, (written at the commencement of Lord Bute's adminiſtration) from which I have taken my motto, was amongſt theſe perſonages; and it is not to be doubted, but it would receive many improvements from his adroit and maſterly hand.

'SQUIRE.

That men were equal born at firſt,
I hold of all whig lies the worſt.
But yet, if only this they mean,
That you and I, good Mr. Dean,
Were equally produced, 'tis true;
For I was born as much as you.
But now, comparing ſize and ſtrength,
Our body's bulk, our noſe's length,
The periwigs, that grace our pate,
My little wit, your learning great,
We find, we are unequal quite.

DEAN.

My honeſt friend, you're too polite.
Your wit, Lord Hardwicke deigns to own,
Surpaſſes every wit's in town:
And none e'er doubted Hardwicke's taſte,
Who e'er were bid to Hardwicke's feaſt.
But yet, I fear, at this arch quibble
The Lockians will do more than nibble.
They ſay, and with them I agree,
That, as to men's equality,
It reſts on native rights they have,
Not to become another's ſlave,
Or tamely bear a tyrant's yoke:*
This truth you parry with a joke.

'Squire.

* The paſſage in Mr. Locke's treatiſe, which the Dean here alludes to, ſeems to be this: "Though I ſaid *that all men are by nature equal*, I cannot be ſuppoſed "to

'S QUIRE.

Jokes, Mr. Dean, I'd have you know,
Have parried many a ſtouter blow.
A joke like this, as I conceive,
Is reaſon's repreſentative,
Who, veſted with his rights, is ſent
To diſputation's parliament.

DEAN.

Yet ſcorns, like ſome they patriots call,
To vote, as he *inſtructs*, at all.

'S QUIRE.

Sometimes he may—but to proceed—
All men at birth, it is agreed,
Have equal learning, wit and power,
Tho', at Lucina's ſqualling hour,
The new-born babes, in nurſe's lap,
Have only power to ſuck her pap.

C Good

" to underſtand all ſorts of equality: age or virtue may give men a juſt prece-
" dency: excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level:
" birth may ſubject ſome, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an obſervance
" to thoſe, to whom nature, gratitude, or other reſpects may have made it due:
" and yet all this conſiſts with the *equality*, which all men are in, in reſpect of
" juriſdiction or dominion one over another: which was the equality I there
" (ch. 2d.) ſpoke of, as proper to the buſineſs in hand, being that *equal right*, that
" every man hath, *to his natural freedom*, without being ſubjected to the will or
" authority of any other man". Ch. 6. ſec. 54. To this the Dean accedes in his firſt chapter. " Firſt then, I agree with Mr. Locke and his diſciples, that
" there is a ſenſe, in which it may be ſaid, that no man is born the political ſub-
" ject of another".

Good heavens! to talk of wit and learning
In infants void of all discerning,
Is just as if these whigs disputed,
As most fools do, to be confuted,
Whether their teeth, in breadth and length,
Had equal size and equal strength;
When, bless each little slobbering mouth,
It had not cut a single tooth.

DEAN.

Your instance, I confess, is pretty:
I wish it were as apt as witty.

'SQUIRE.

But let us give them all they ask,
Their equal birth, a harder task
I think remains behind, to prove
That men thro' life must equal move;
None e'er assume a jot of power
More than he had at natal hour.
Strange doctrine this! ye whigs, shall none
Be long and lank as Jenkinson,
None grow to full six feet or more,
Because some only measure four?
Or, because Hunter cannot treat us
With different size of same-aged fœtus?
Thus, Mr. Dean, the point I've prov'd:
And, if your Reverence is so mov'd,

You'll

You'll find, with like facility,
I prove they all are not born free.

DEAN.

My ſprightly 'Squire, if this be proving,
Then billing is the whole of loving.
Dame Logic knows, whene'er I meet her,
With more ſubſtantial ſport I treat her.
Theſe whigs will anſwer your demand
With ſaying, all they underſtand
By power is, "That alone is juſt,
"Which to a few the reſt entruſts,
"And to aſſume without aſſent,
"Is force, not legal government."*
As to your ſimile of ſize,
They'll ſay your brains are in your eyes.
But now go on.

'SQUIRE.

Their next aſſertion
You'll find affords me more diverſion.
For how ſhould men be e'er born free,
When to be born is ſlavery.

An

* So Locke. "Government, into whatſoever hands it is put, being *intruſted* "with this condition, and for this end, that men might have and ſecure their "properties, the prince or ſenate, however it may have power to make laws for "the regulating of property between the ſubjects one amongſt another, yet can "never have a power to take to themſelves the whole or any part of the ſubjects "property without their own *conſent*, for this would be in effect to leave them no "property at all". Ch. xi. ſec. 139.

An impoſition in itſelf.
Do parents aſk the little elf,
Ere they beget him, his good leave
Or to beget or to conceive?
Or does he approbation give,
By ſelf, or repreſentative?

DEAN.

Yet, when begot, in my opinion,
He's then the heir to ſelf-dominion:
Has right both to be born and bred,
To ſuck the breaſt——

SQUIRE.

And p--- his bed.

DEAN.

He has. Nay more, I'd have you know,
Protection, while in embrio,
Is his, e'er you can juſtly date
His *quaſi-compact* with the ſtate.*
Once, Sir, I knew a pious lady,
Who, juſt as ſhe was getting ready
For church, one Eaſter-Sunday morn,
With labour-pains was ſorely torn.

The

* "Children are entitled to protection, *whilſt in embrio*, though they neither "did nor could enter into any compact with the ſtate for that purpoſe". Tucker on Civil Government, p. 2. I have taken the liberty to add the term *quaſi* in my verſion of this paſſage, to make it more analogous to the learned writer's general ſentiments, who allows of no compact, but what he is pleaſed to term *quaſi*.

The church, good ſoul! ſhe lov'd ſo dearly,
That with her ſpouſe ſhe choſe to parley;
Nor would ſhe let the midwife lay her,
Till ſhe had been at morning prayer;
When, lo! in midſt of all this fray,
Before mama had time to pray,
Her heir, a free-born Britiſh boy,
Bolted to light and liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Your ſtory, Mr. Dean, is pleaſant,
And wrapt withal, in terms right decent.
Yet vainly ſure ſuch proof you bring;
One ſwallow does not make a ſpring.
I ſay, in ſpite of your ſtrange tale,
For full nine months he lies in jail.
And what a jail! ſo little roomy,
So dank, ſo ſultry and ſo gloomy,
Howard, who ev'ry priſon knows,
Ne'er ventur'd there to thruſt his noſe.
Yet there he lies, unlucky wight!
Depriv'd of ſunſhine and of ſight,
Floating in brine, like a young porpus,
Till, by obſtetric Habeas Corpus,
The brat is pluck'd to liberty.
But, tell me, is ſuch freedom free?

In ſwaddling cloaths he now is bound,
Like Styx,* that gird him nine times round;
They ſqueeze his navel, preſs his head,
Feed him with water and with bread.
Thus nine months more he lies in chains,
And, when his freedom he regains,
He puts it to ſo bad a uſe,
'Tis found he muſt not yet go looſe.
Tyrannic nurſe then claims her right
To plague him both by day and night.
Then grave as Pope, and gruff as Turk,
Prelatic ſchoolmaſter, like York,
Thraſhes the wretch with grammar's flail,
To mend his head corrects his tail,
And this with moſt deſpotic fury,
Heedleſs of mercy, law, and jury.

DEAN.

Sir, you've a happy vein for ſatire,
And touch it with a *main du maitre*.
Yet why, Sir, treat mild M*****m thus?
His Grace, you know, is one of us.

'SQUIRE.

I aſk his pardon. At the time
He chanc'd to hitch into my rhyme—†

But

* Tho' Fate had faſt bound her,
With Styx nine times round her.
Pope's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day.

† Had not this unlucky bolt been ſhot by the 'Squire, it is probable the Dean would not have been thrown off his ſcent, but would have anſwered all, that had been

But to our point — thus far I've ſtated,
The boy is born and educated;
And now he walks the world at large;
Yet has he got a free diſcharge?
No; *volens nolens*, as at ſchool,
He ſtill muſt yield to civil rule;
A ſubject born, he's ſubject ſtill,
Not govern'd by his mere ſelf-will;
But, if he breaks the laws in force,
Or kills his man, or ſteals a horſe,
Howe'er he may diſpute their right,
And Coke with Burgerſdicius fight,
Muſt make at Tyburn his confeſſion.

DEAN.

I fear, Sir, here you beg the queſtion.
A ſubject born in any ſtate
May, if he pleaſe, depatriate.

And

been aſſerted, in ſome ſuch manner as Mr. Locke does: "Children, I confeſs, "are not born in this full ſtate of *equality*, though they are born to it. Their "parents have a ſort of rule and juriſdiction over them, when they come into "the world, and for ſome time after; but it is but a temporary one. The bonds "of this ſubjection are like the ſwaddling cloths they are wrapt up in, and ſup-"ported by, in the weakneſs of their infancy: age and reaſon, as they grow up, "looſen them, till at length they drop quite off, and leave a man at his own free "diſpoſal". Ch. 6. ſec. 55. This paſſage, and the other two already quoted, ſeem to be a ſufficient anſwer to Mr. Jenyns on his two firſt heads. All his objections turn on the term *born*: whereas Locke's propoſitions are, "Men are by "nature equal, and by nature free"; that is, have equal natural rights in their perſons and liberty.

And go, for reaſons weak or weighty,
To Zealand-New, or Otaheite.

'SQUIRE.

Yet there what freedom will he have,
When made Queen Oberea's ſlave?
Her majeſty may lay a tax,
I fear would weaken ſtronger backs,
Than ev'n was your's, my doughty Dean,
When nerv'd with youth, and ſtout eighteen.

DEAN.

Perhaps ſhe might. Then let's ſuppoſe
To ſome unpeopled iſle he goes,
And takes a miſtreſs in his ſleeve,
To live as Adam did with Eve;
Or ſay, that he had luck to find
A hundred more of the ſame mind,
To migrate with their mates by dozens,
And there to live like cater-couſins,
We will not call them ſirs, and madams,
But a cool hundred Eves and Adams;
I think they would, or ſoon, or late,
By *quaſi-compact* found a ſtate.*

What

* Here the Dean turns aſide to his own ingenious hypotheſis, which he makes the true baſis of civil government, and which, the more to diſſeminate it, I ſhall here briefly explain. He ſuppoſes, that a hundred Adams and Eves ſhould all be produced full grown, and in *conjugal pairs*; and then concludes, that they would naturally herd together, and form a civil ſociety, from their inſtinctive love of living

What think you, 'Squire, of that Scotch peer,*
Who wenching held ſo very dear,
(I don't aver his taſte was right
In liking black girls more than white,
Not that I raſhly would decide;
They know the beſt, who both have tried)
That, to indulge and take his fill,
He fenc'd an Apalachian hill,
And, holding there ſupreme command,
" Scatter'd his image o'er the land,"†
Till ſoon he got ſo large a race
Of little tawny babes of grace,
And theſe ſo ſoon begot a ſecond,
And thoſe a third, that quick he reckon'd

living together as gregarious animals. But, as ſome might object that another inſtinctive appetite would ſpeedily diſturb the peace of this ſociety, and that Horace's *teterrima belli cauſa* might make it a ſtate of war, he ſagely provides againſt this by noting, " that the appetite between the ſexes can have no place in the " queſtion, becauſe it is not of that ſort, which renders mankind gregarious." Yet, as he alſo owns, " that the moſt ſolitary animals at certain ſeaſons *converſe* " in pairs", it is neceſſary, for the ſupport of his hypotheſis, that all his Adams and Eves ſhould be as chaſte as turtles; and, therefore, I have called them a *cool* hundred, an epithet which, the reader ſees, is here far from being an expletive, but highly emphatical; for, if the Dean's hundred Adams and Eves were not more *cool* than an hundred pairs of people of faſhion, whom I could mention, it is to be feared, that many of the males in his civil ſociety, would not only be *gregarious animals*, but abſolutely *horned cattle*. See Tucker on Government, p. 136.

* The late Lord Fairfax, uſually diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Lord Fairfax of Virginia*.

† Dryden.

Subjects enough of his own blood,
To reign their ſovereign great and good.
If ſuch a man was not born free,
I know not what is liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Dear Dean, you interrupt my theme.
I want to preach, but you to dream
Of negro girls and patriarch kings—
Pray clip your fancy's wayward wings.
My two points prov'd, I draw from hence
This truly Chriſtian inference,
That all, whom we the factious call,
Who 'gainſt court influence hourly bawl,
Who from their ſeats would daſh contractors,
And be themſelves the nation's factors,
Are all of the old round-head leaven,
And therefore ne'er will get to heaven.

DEAN.

Right. This would give my mind much eaſe,
If drawn from ſounder premiſes.
Locke and his crew, I know right well,
Have ſent full many a fool to hell,
But not from what you've prov'd, but I——

* * * * * * * * *

Hold Muſe! nor give the 'Squire's reply.
You've run two heats; to ſtart a third
Would now, I think, be quite abſurd;

'Tis

'Tis much beyond an Eclogue's length;
Come breath a while, and gather ſtrength.
You ſhall not tax, ſhould it be willing,
The town beyond a ſingle ſhilling:*
Stop then in time your tinkling rill;
The reader's ears have drank their fill. †

* Though the Author chooſes to be ſo very moderate in his mode of taxation, I, his bookſeller, in ſtrict conformity to our rule of trade, have ventured to lay on the other ſixpence. DEBRETT.

† Claudite jam rivos, pueri; ſat prata biberunt. VIRG.

THE END.

CERTIFICATE.

WHEREAS a late ingenious and anonymous production, entitled *An Archæological Epiſtle*, has been attributed to my pen, I think proper to declare, that, however I may approve the political ſentiments therein contained, I am above wearing any man's laurels; and that I conceive thoſe, who do not diſcriminate between my ſtyle and that author's, have as little critical acumen, as he ſeems to allow to his reverend correſpondent.

(Signed)

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightſbridge.

2 DE64

The following, all by the same Author, may be had of J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.

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